

1855.

14 Dix Place, Nov. 3rd.

Saturday eve.

My dear friend Jackson:

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The affectionate and strengthening lines, traced by your own hands this afternoon, which, in spite of medical injunction to the contrary, you were moved to send me, I shall prize and cherish as more precious than any Sibylline leaf. They seem next to your own presence in my chamber; and, though voiceless, had a power to thrill me through and through. I am glad, and yet most sorry, that you felt impelled to make such an effort, in your prostrate condition, by what I had written; - glad, because it has given me the ^{last} latest epistolary token from your own hand I may ever receive; most sorry, because it affects me to think of the pain it must have caused you, to a still further prostration of your system. I write to say this much, because I can do no less; but not on any consideration to prompt you to do the same thing over again. Indeed, in my note to Eliza, I expressly desired her not to think of making a reply to it, appreciating as I did the ~~continues~~ heavy pressure which ~~must~~ be continually weighing upon her spirit, through so much anxiety and

watchfulness.

Happy am I, if, in any manner, I have been of any service to you, during our long and endearing acquaintance. But you had nothing to learn of me, in regard to the sacred rights of conscience, the freedom of the mind, and the duty of standing by the right, at all hazards, whether solitary or backed up by a multitude. These things I found to be a part of your own nature. Moreover, it was your good fortune to throw off, at a much earlier period ~~th~~ in life than I did, the fetters of that terrible theology which has so long held mastery over the New-England mind, making one universal blight of human existence here below, and filling a future state of existence with inconceivable dangers and unutterable horrors. The Fatherhood of God was a doctrine early accepted by you, and at a time when it required the greatest moral courage to do so. Happily, you have lived to see it grow and extend in every direction; and of its ultimate acceptance by the whole human family, you and I have no reason to doubt. God shall be all, and in all; which is saying, in other words, that nothing but goodness is immutable, all-conquering, everlasting.

I dwell, dear friend, with inexpressible satisfaction upon the fact, that your last

public act in the service of the slave was that of presiding at the 20th anniversary of the memorable mobocratic 21st of October, 1835. It will constitute a fitting crown of honor to a well-spent life. Nothing could have been more felicitous, or more beautifully and historically, as well as personally appropriate.

I have to communicate to you the death of Capt. Weston at Weymouth. He finished his voyage of life last evening, and has entered into the haven of rest. I have dictated a letter to Anne, conveying my sympathy to the family, in view of their bereavement, and communicating to them, also, the sad intelligence of ^{your} ~~their~~ own dangerous illness. It will add much to their weight of sorrow, I know; but, at the same time, I felt sure they would wish to be apprised of the fact without any delay.

The reference, in your note, to your parched lips, is very touching. My own are somewhat affected by the little fever I have had; but I am getting better, while you are growing worse. However, this is saying that you are nearer your heavenly home, and that the troubles and cares of life with you are nearly ended.

In life, in death, and ever, yours,
Francis Jackson, Esq., Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Francis Jackson, Esq.,
Boston.

Wm L Garrison
Nov. 3 1855